

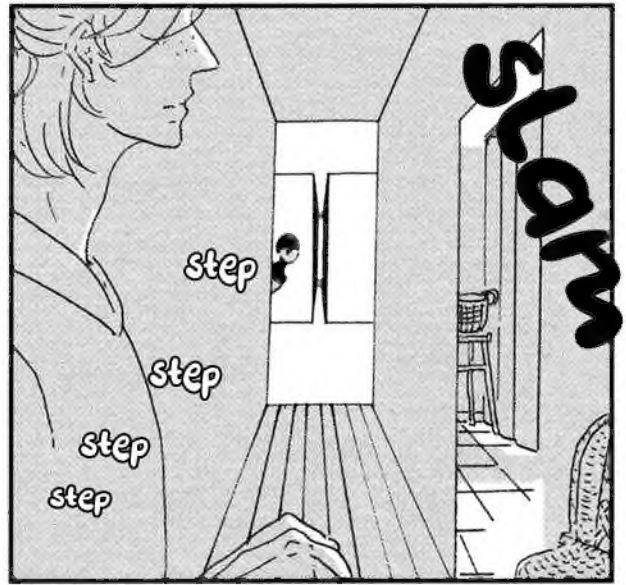


Lovely Strange Dark

25-JI NO VACANCES
"A 25-HOUR VACATION"
BY ICHIKAWA HARUKO
STORY 2

Raws: Elemhunter
Translation: Sinclair
Editing: Cpt. Mischief
QC: hahhah42

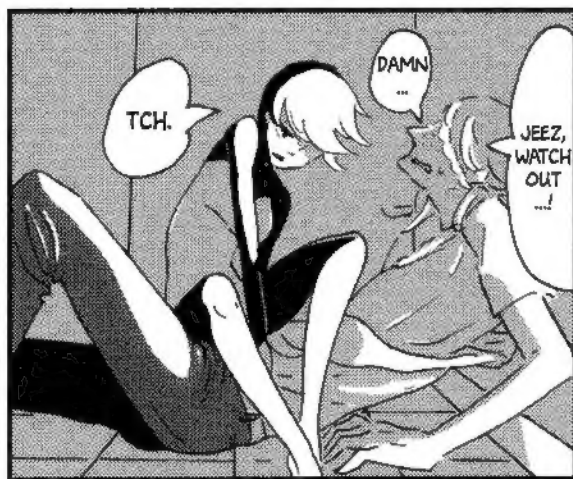
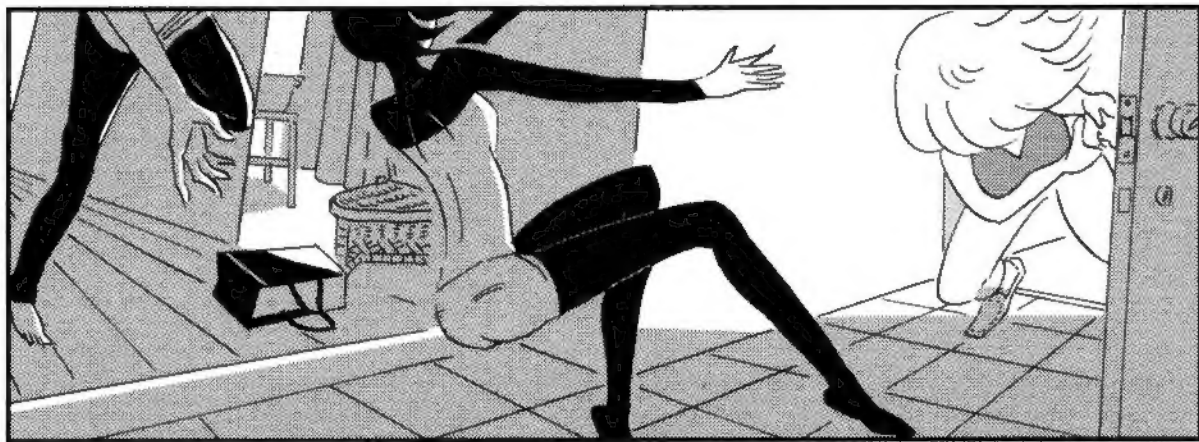


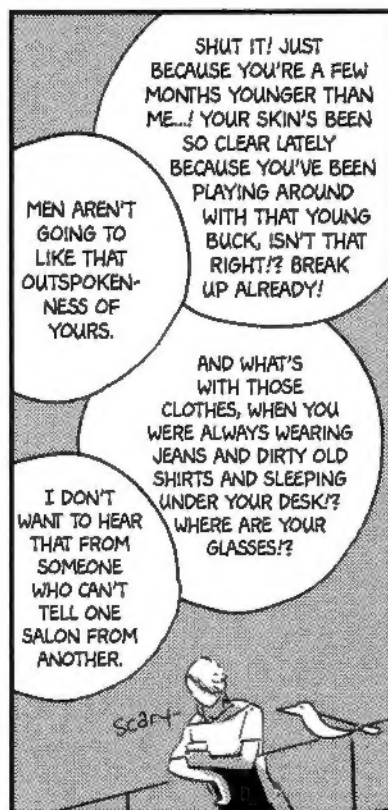


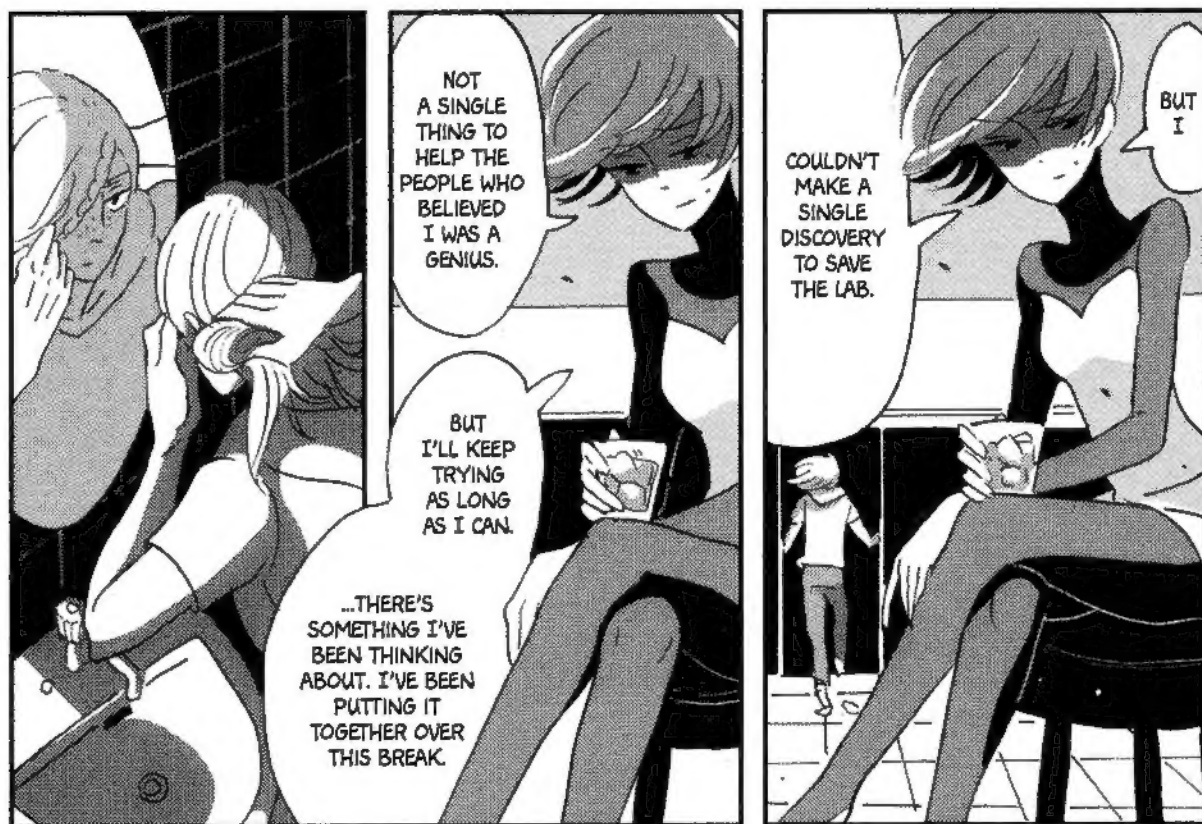
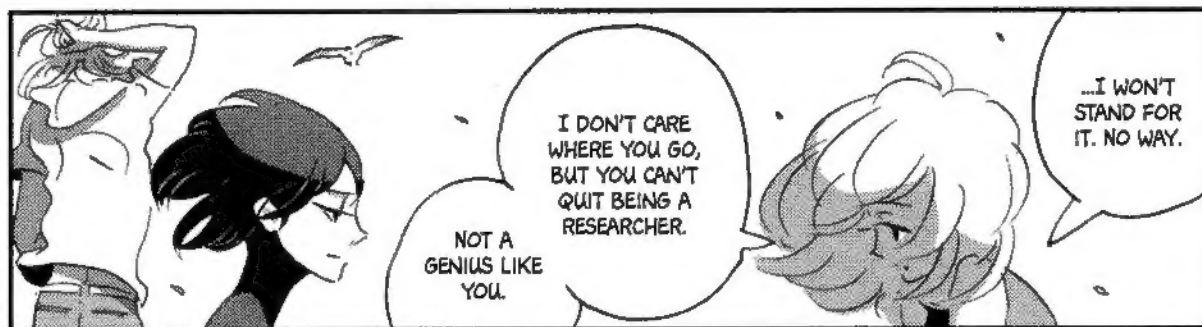
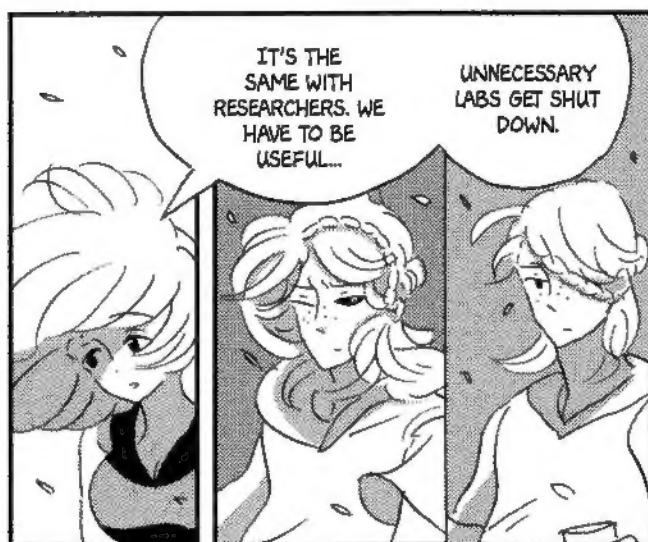
A 25-Hour Vacation

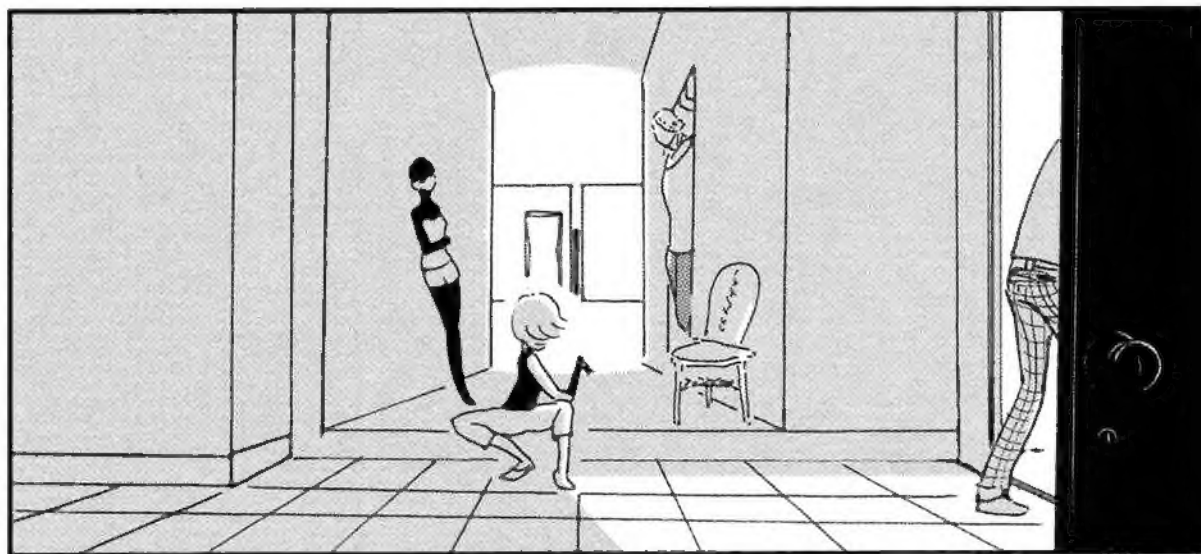
[Part Two]





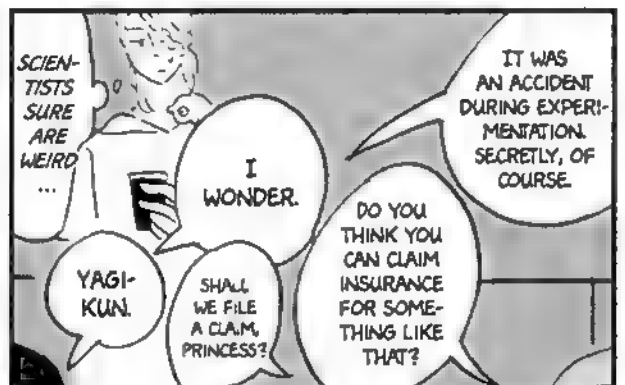
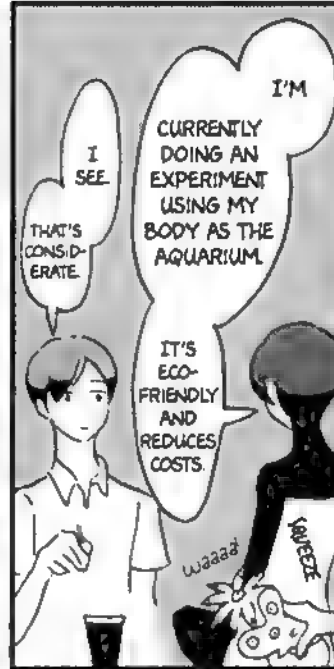
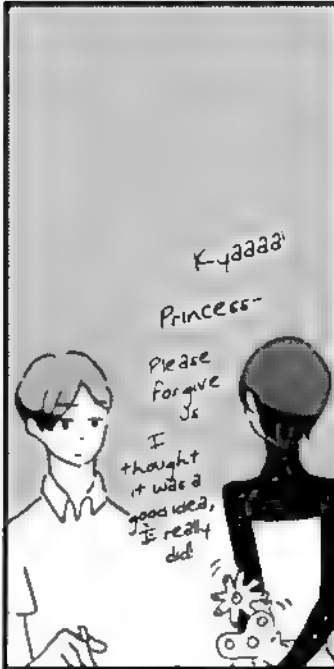
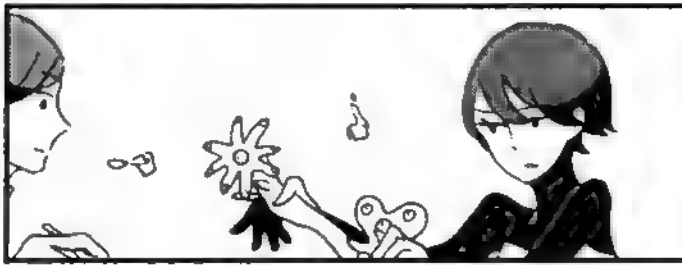


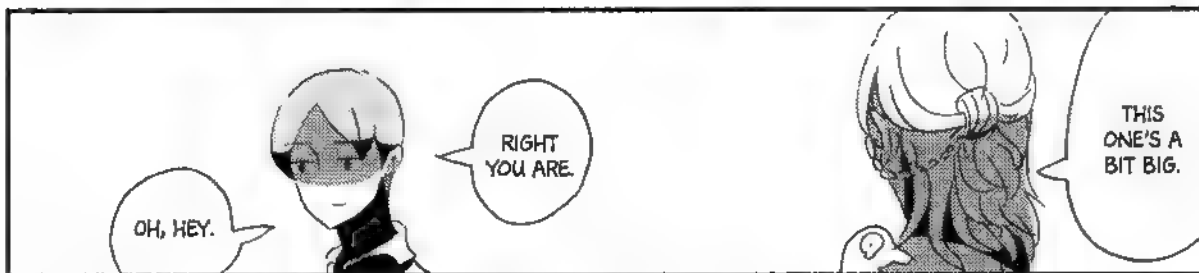
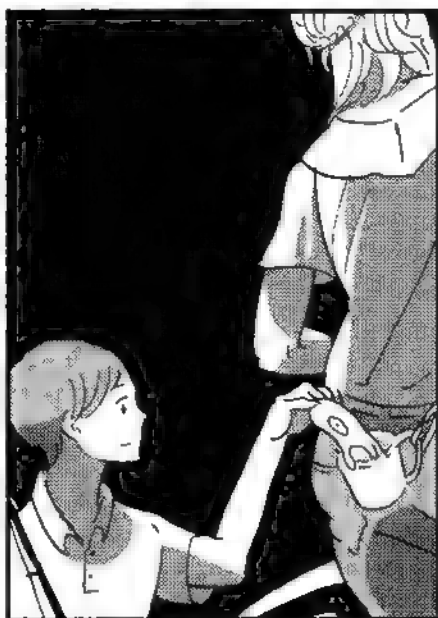
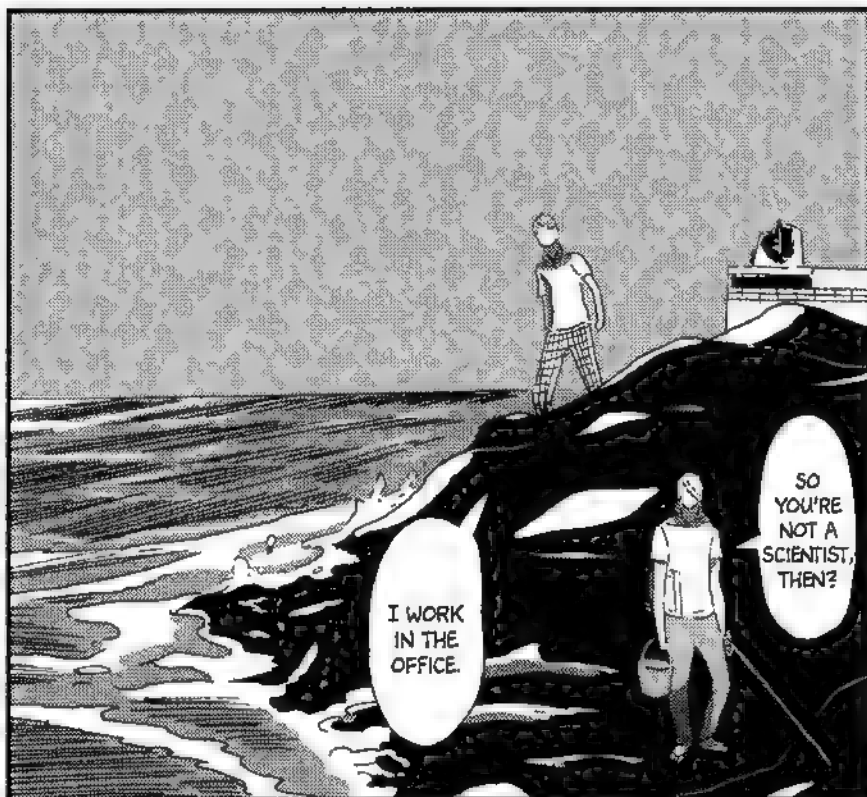




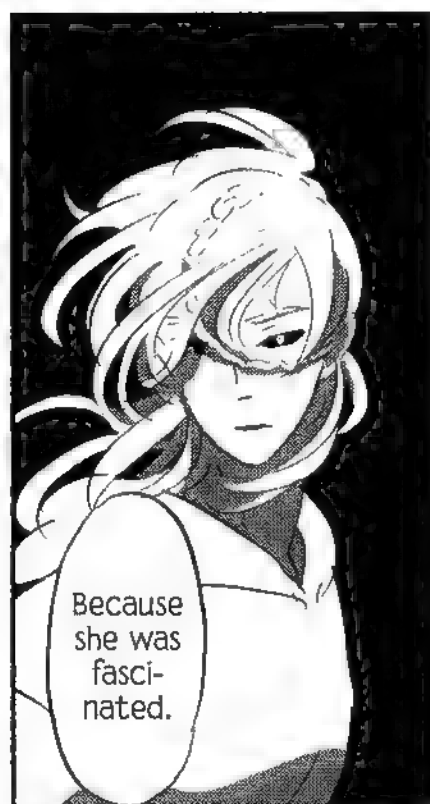
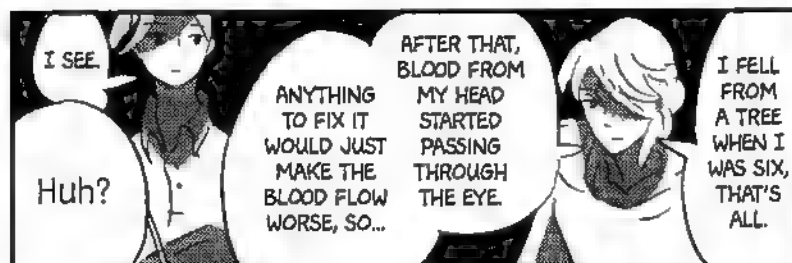


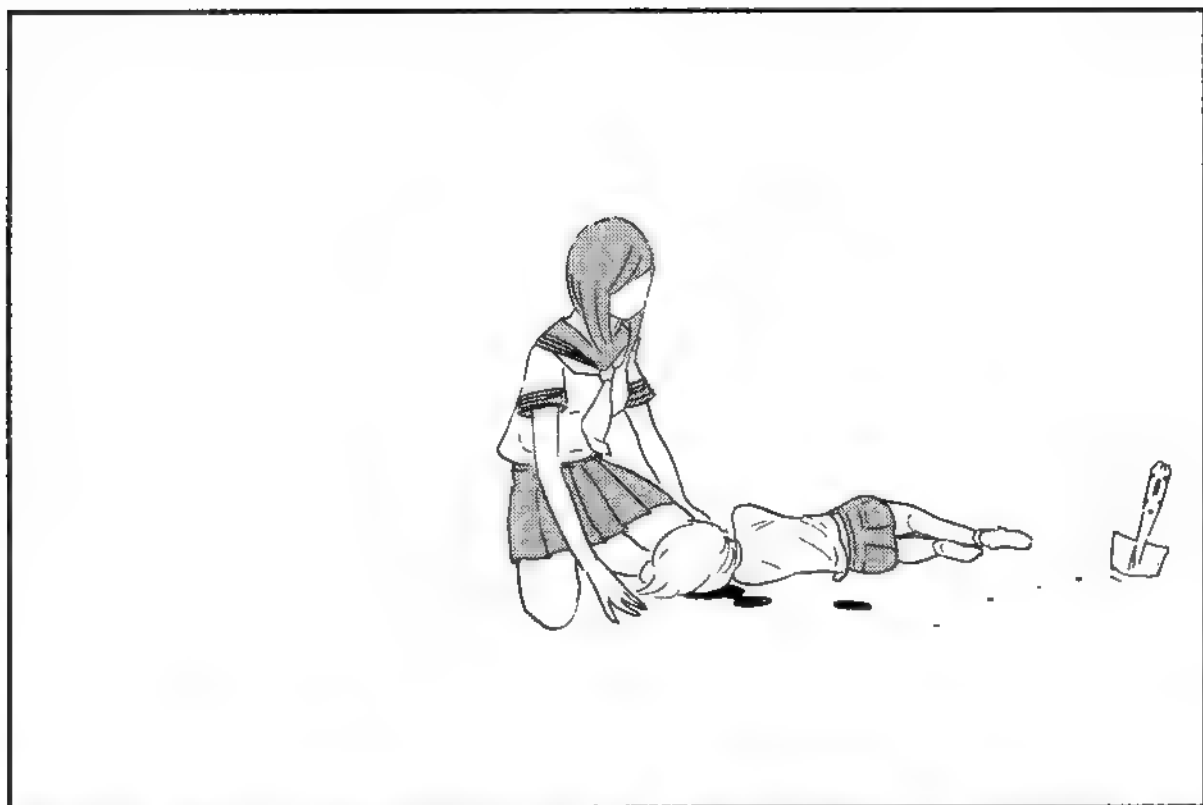












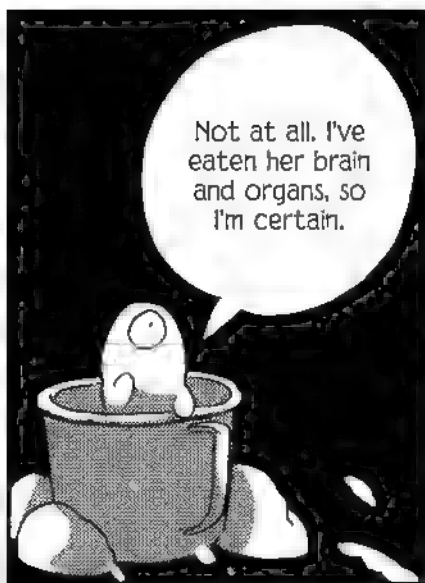


NOW,
NOW.

AND DON'T
BRAG
ABOUT
IT!

Believe
me!

DON'T
EAT
THEM!



Not at all. I've
eaten her brain
and organs, so
I'm certain.



FASCINATED,
HUH?

IT WASN'T
A PRETTY
SIGHT. I BET
SHE WAS
JUST TOO
SHOCKED
TO ACT.

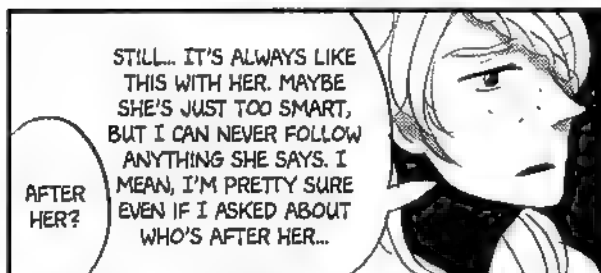


AND OTOME-SAN
PROBABLY FELT
SOMEHOW
RESPONSIBLE.

HER
BROTHER WAS
INJURED,

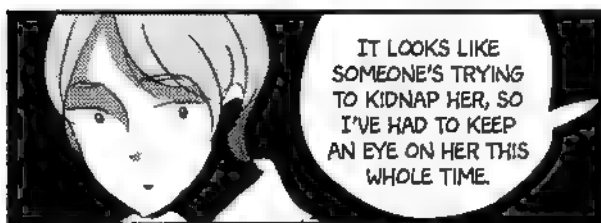
MEMORIES CAN
TAKE ON ALL KINDS
OF INTERPRETATIONS
AS TIME PASSES.

Believe
me!



AFTER
HER?

STILL... IT'S ALWAYS LIKE
THIS WITH HER. MAYBE
SHE'S JUST TOO SMART,
BUT I CAN NEVER FOLLOW
ANYTHING SHE SAYS. I
MEAN, I'M PRETTY SURE
EVEN IF I ASKED ABOUT
WHO'S AFTER HER...



IT LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE'S TRYING
TO KIDNAP HER, SO
I'VE HAD TO KEEP
AN EYE ON HER THIS
WHOLE TIME.



OH!

THAT'S--



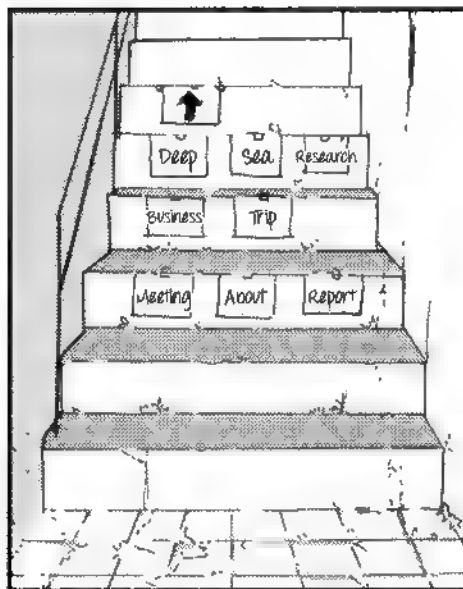
Well, I
suppose
humans
also
contain
depths
like those
of the
ocean.

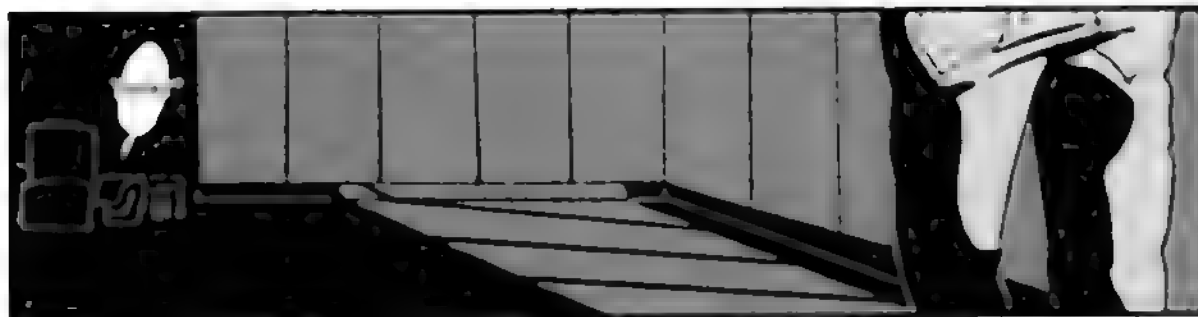
DON'T
GET
CLEVER.

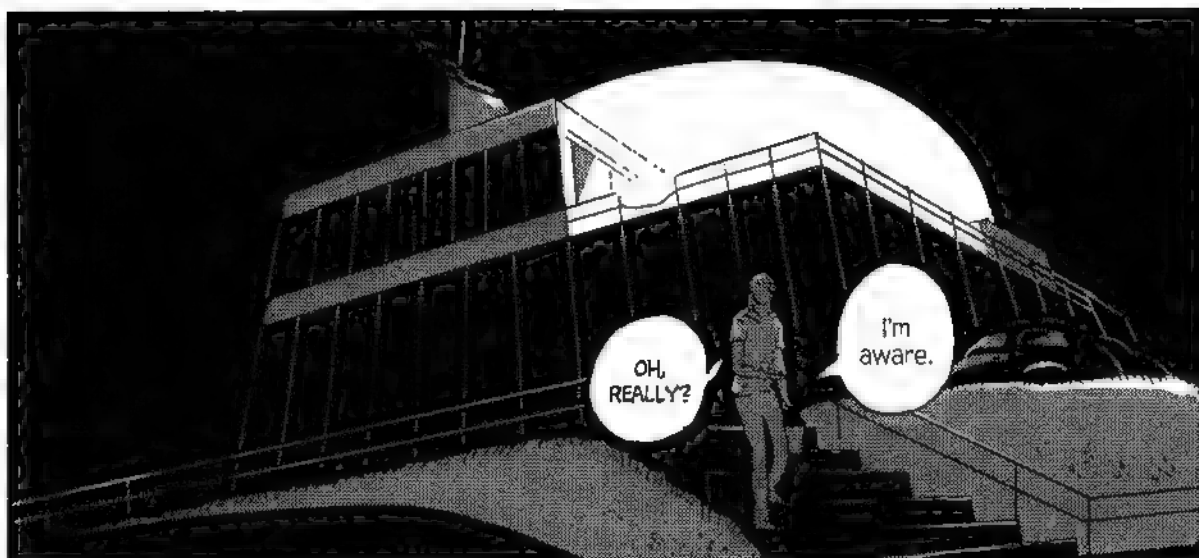


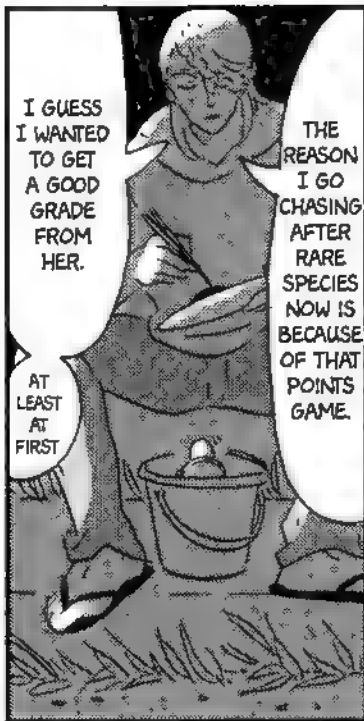
THAT
"SOMEHOW"
IS THE MOST
TROUBLESOME
PART.

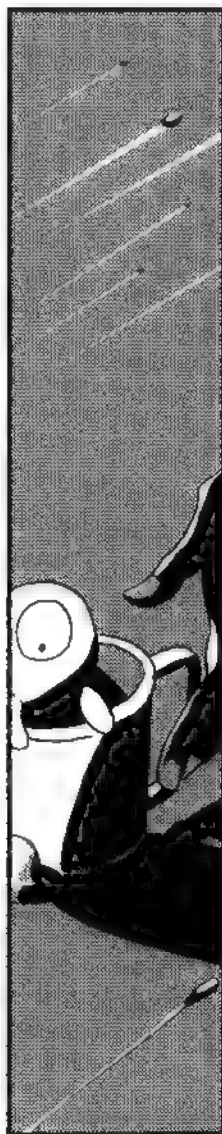
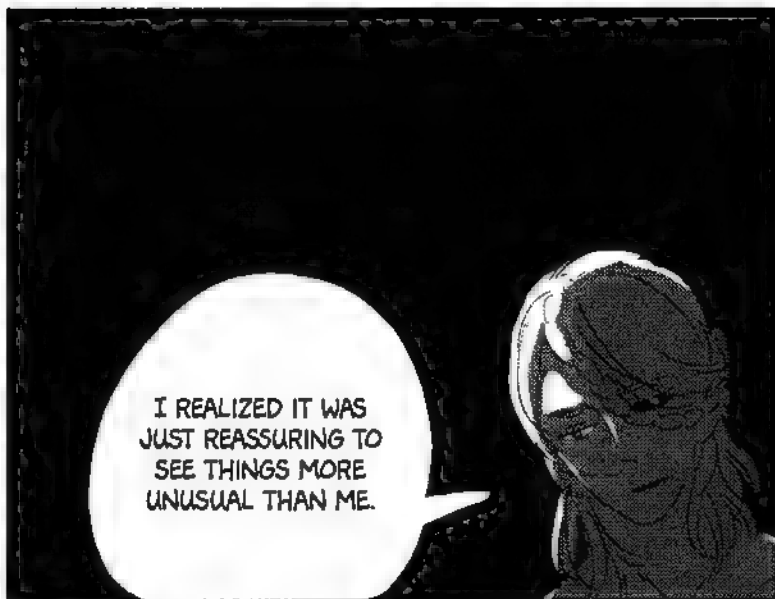
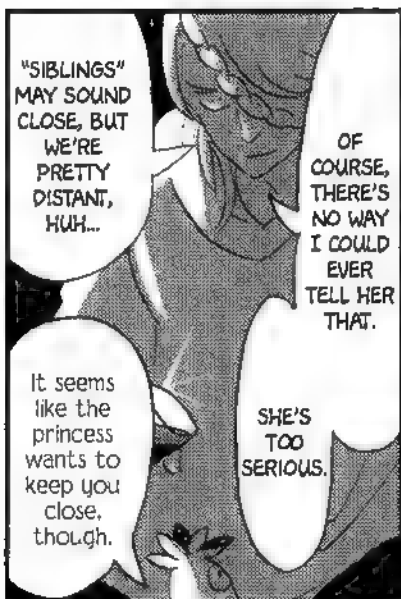
NO ONE
ELSE CAN
UNDERSTAND,
AND YOU
CAN'T DO
ANYTHING TO
CHANGE IT,
RIGHT?

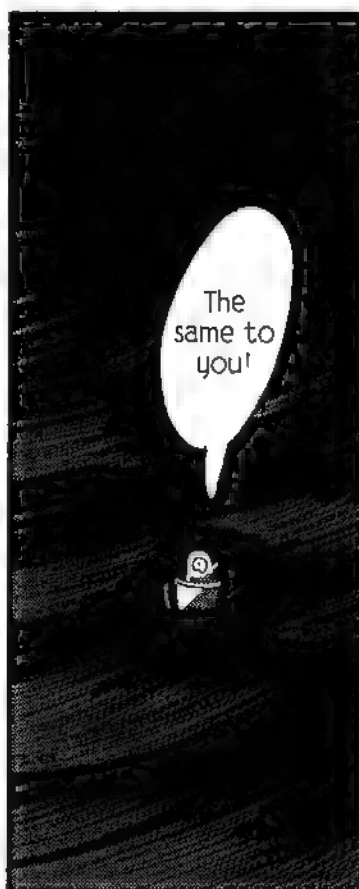
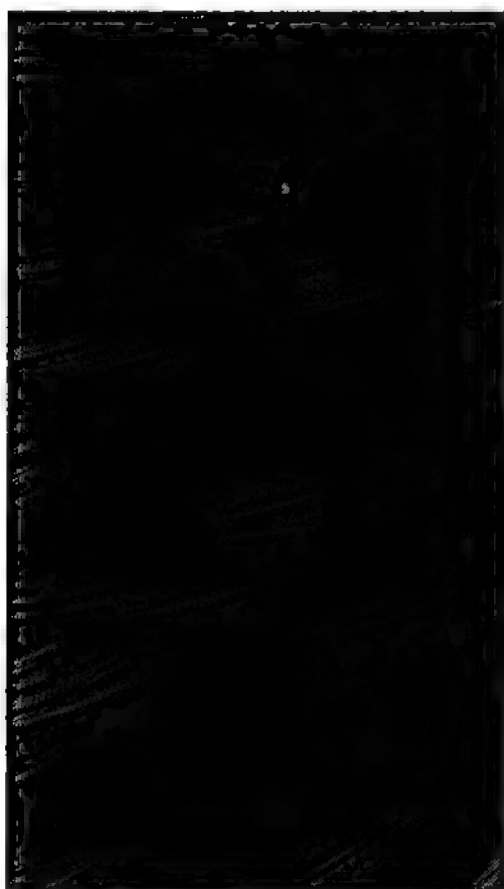






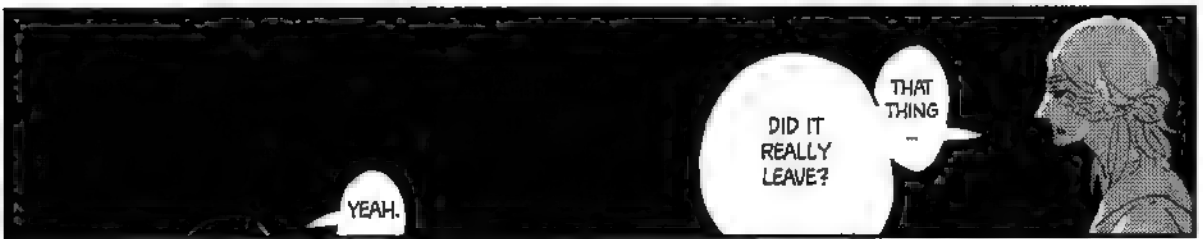
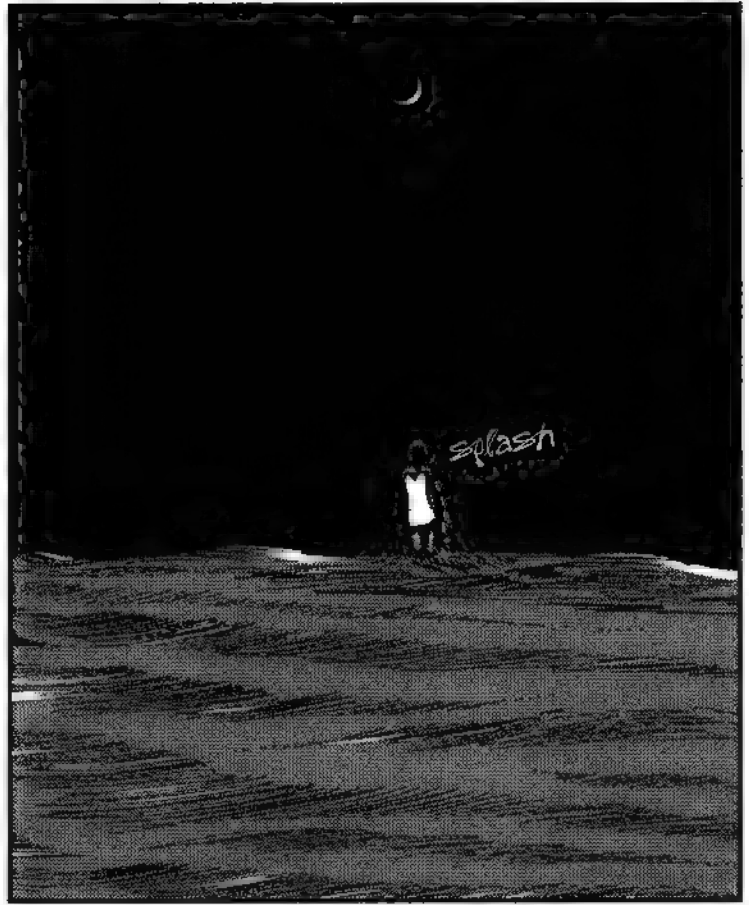
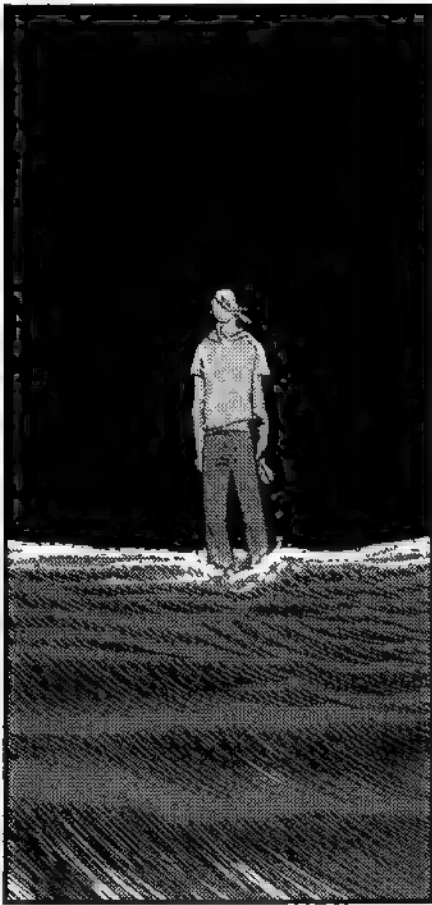


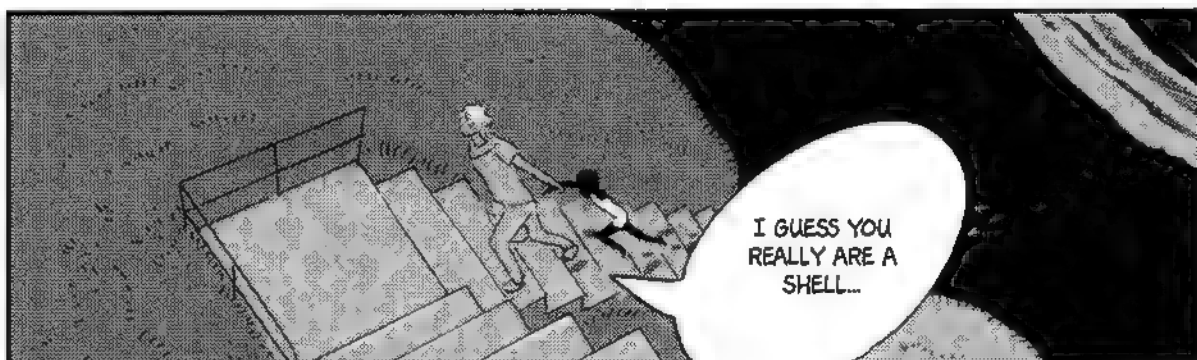
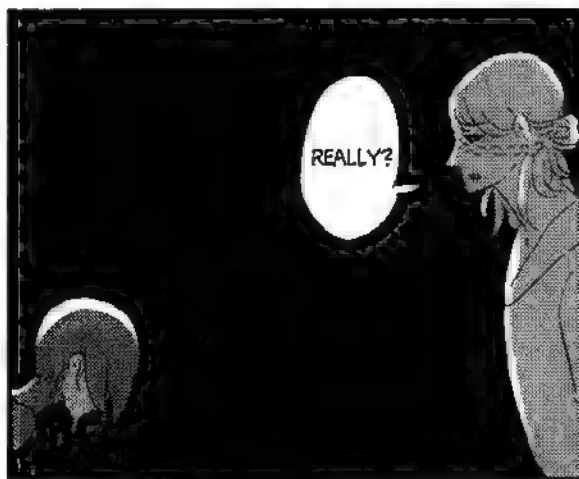




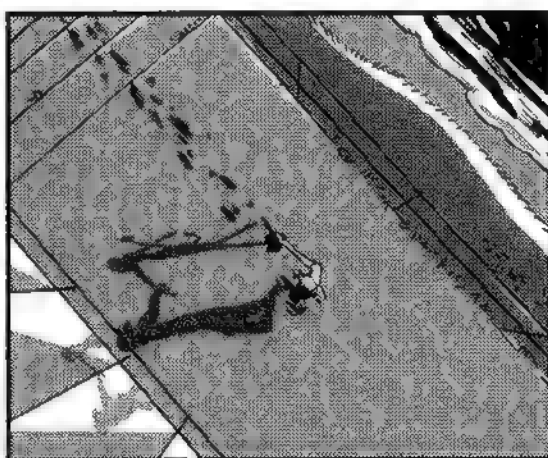


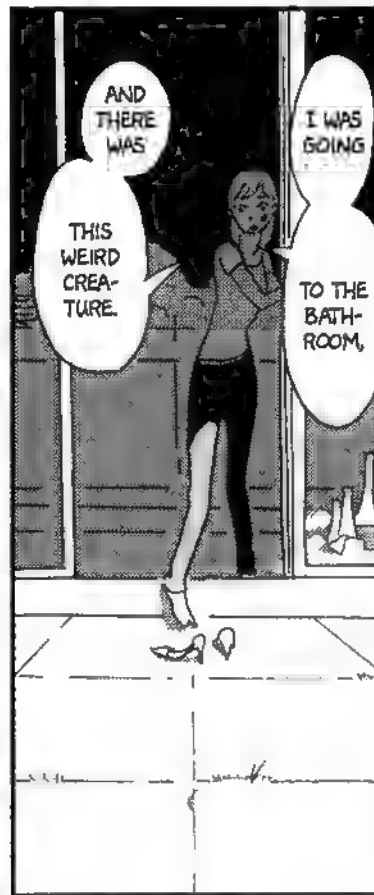
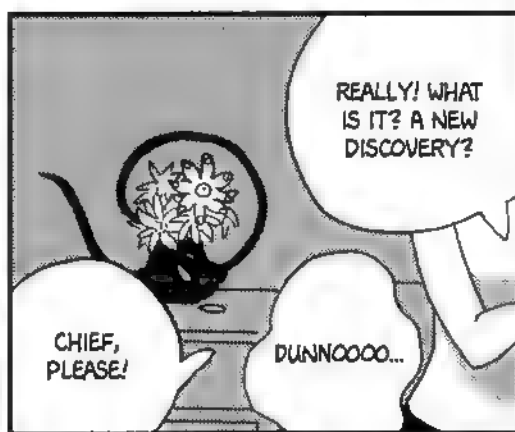


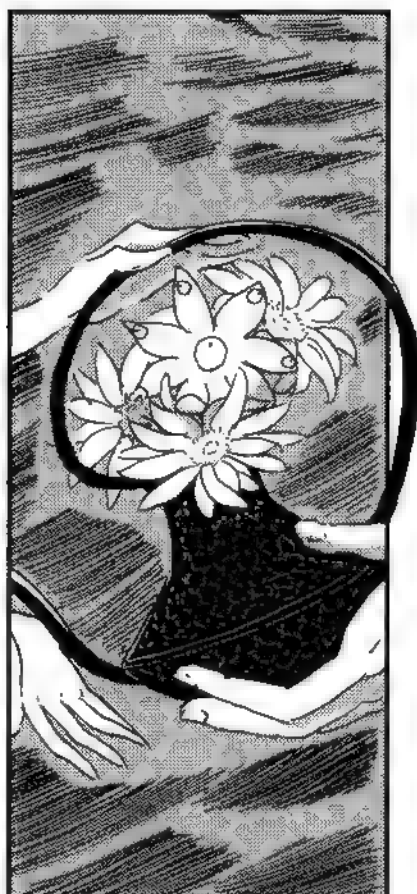


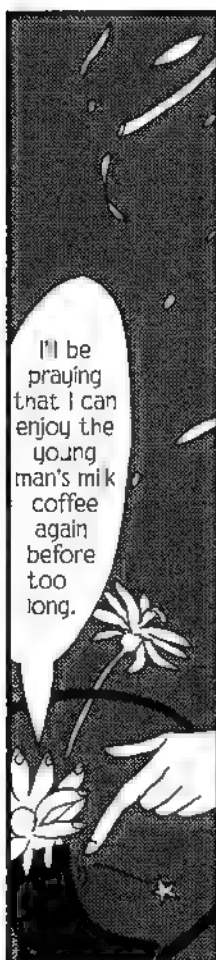












I'll be praying that I can enjoy the young man's milk coffee again before too long.

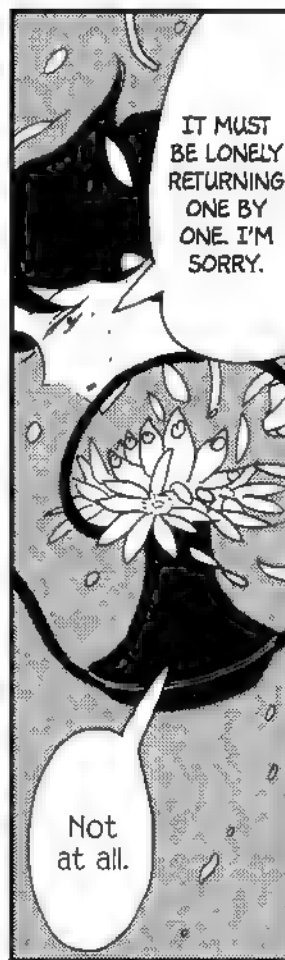


Solitude is a bitter luxury, from birth to death.

You've got it in spades, Princess.



Loneliness isn't all bad. It makes you grateful for the existence of others.



IT MUST BE LONELY RETURNING ONE BY ONE. I'M SORRY.

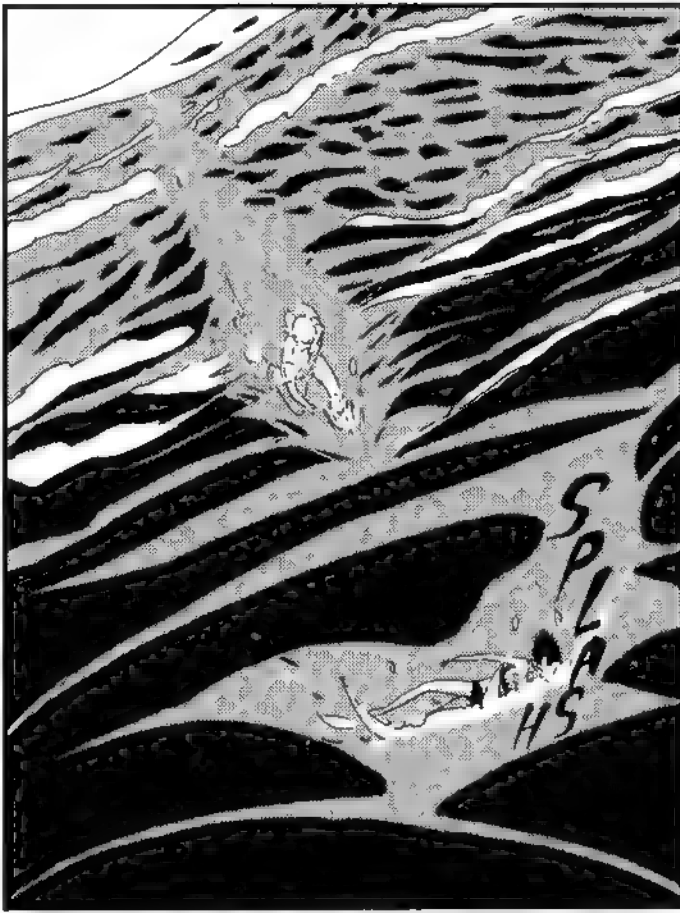
Not at all.

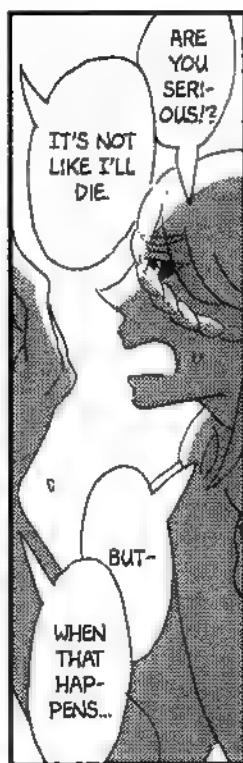


It's because of you that we were reborn from the verge of death.

We'll never forget that.

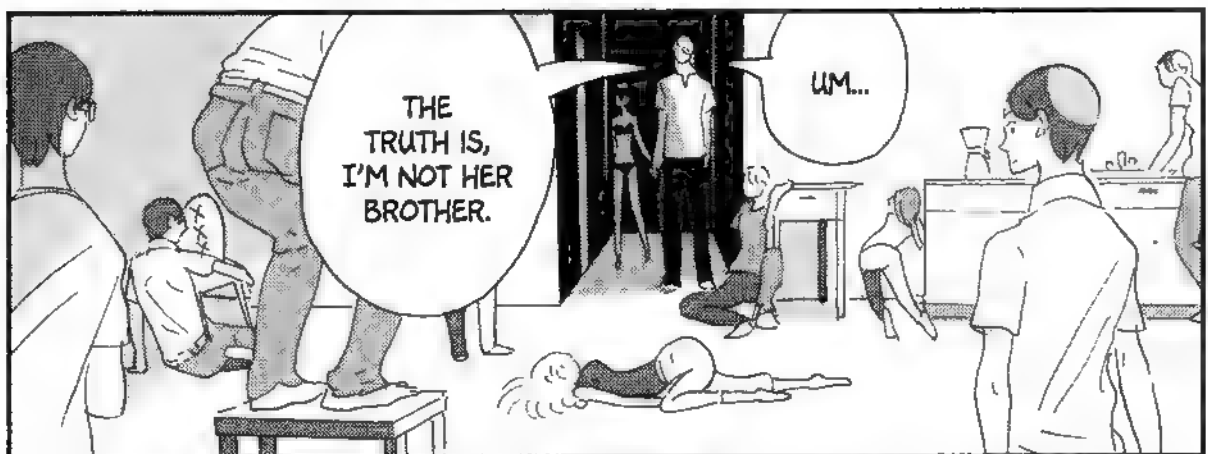
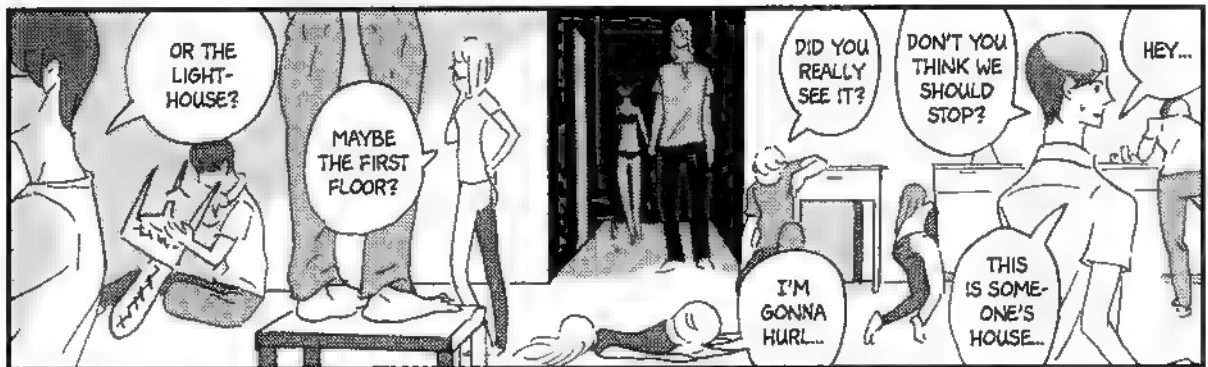
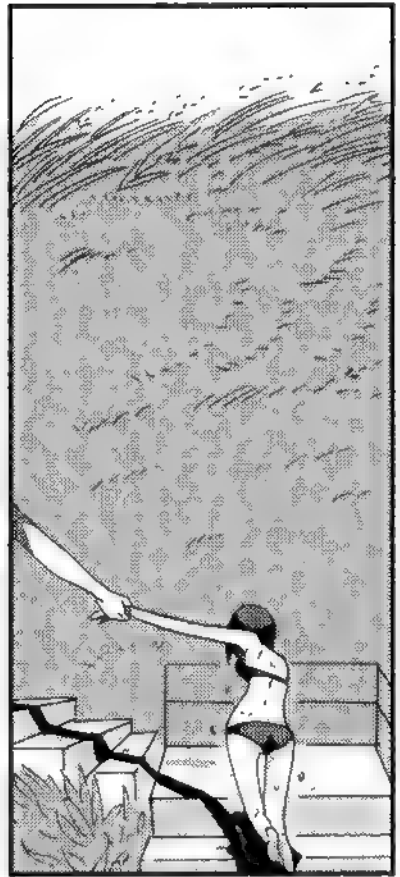
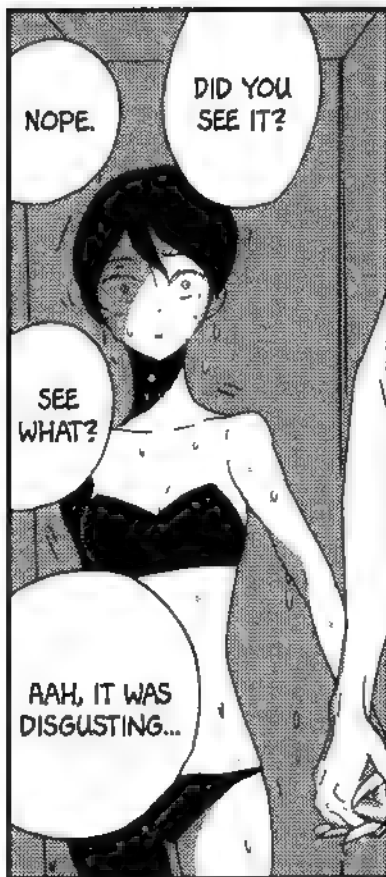
Take care, our two-legged mother.

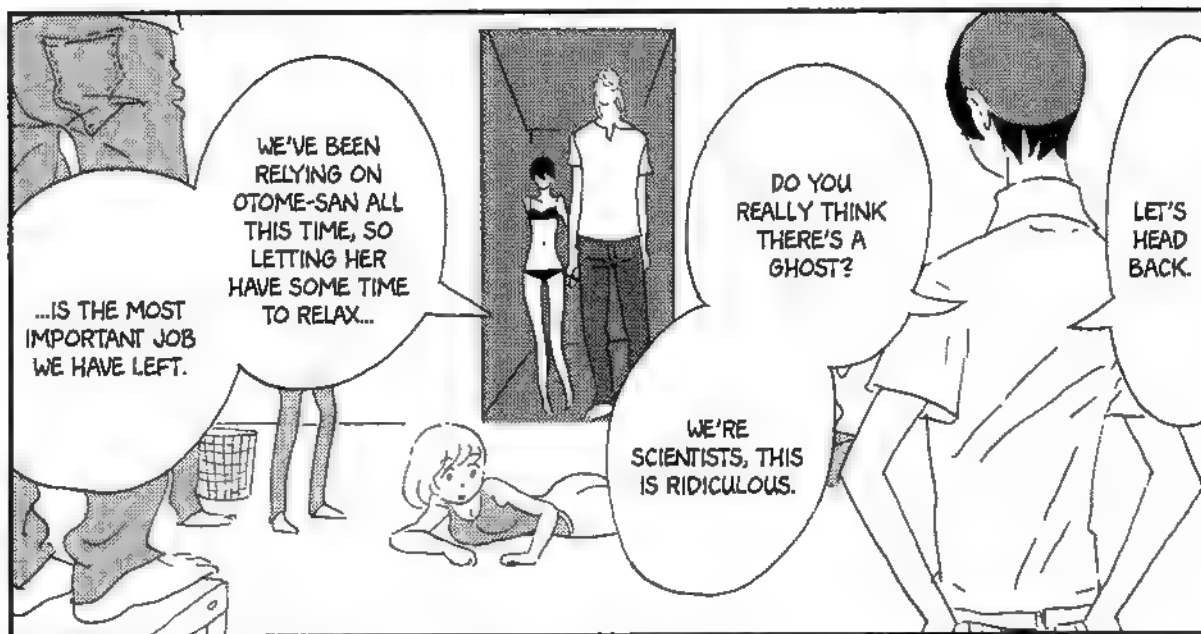
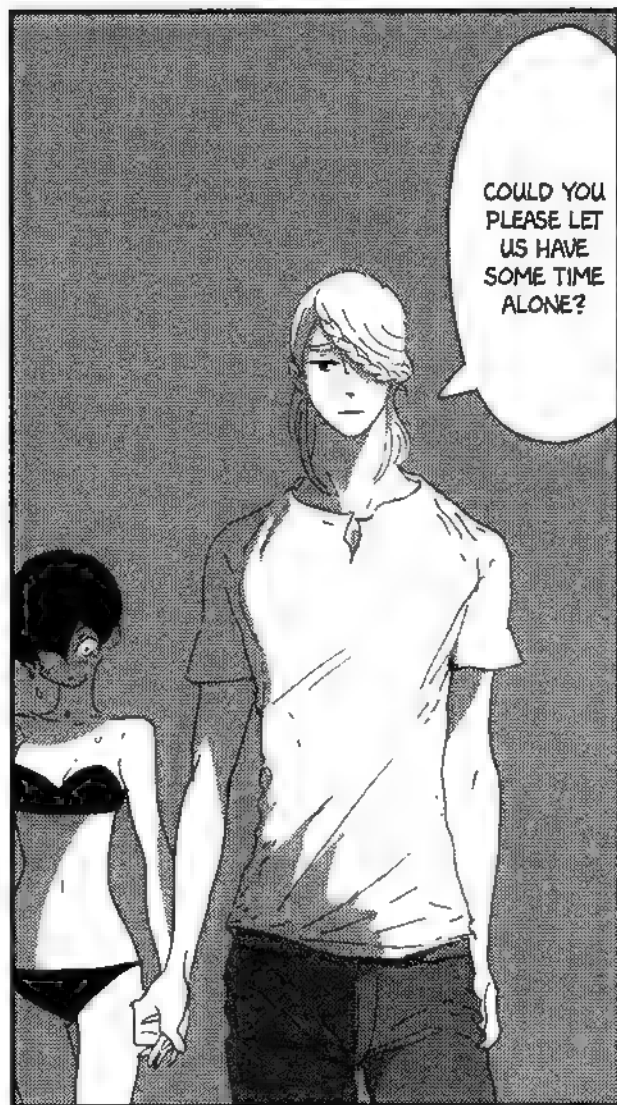




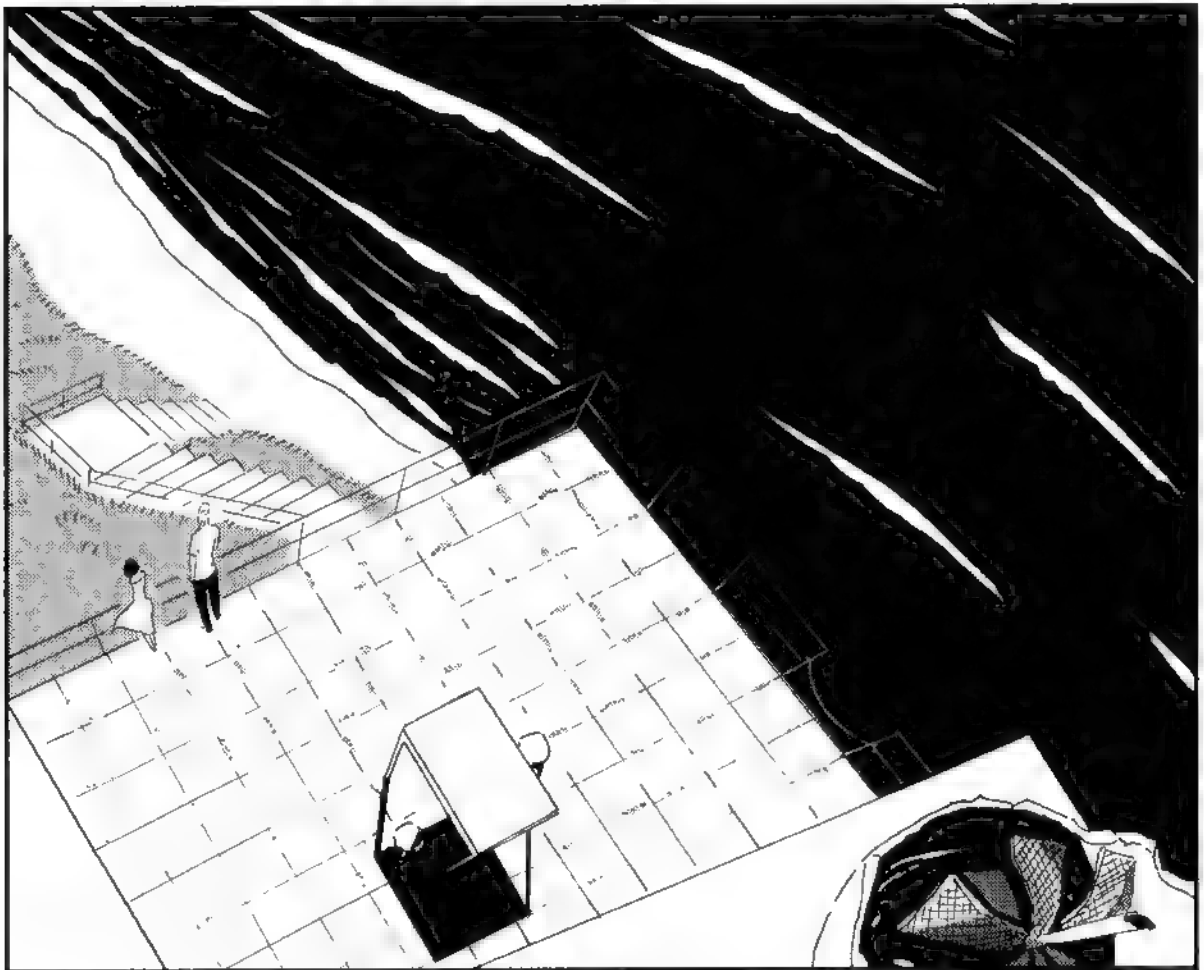
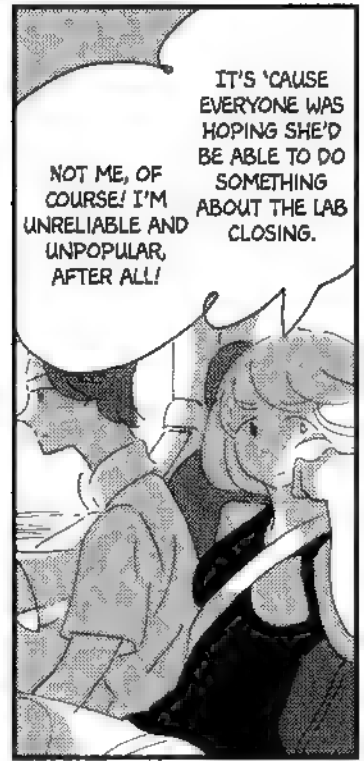


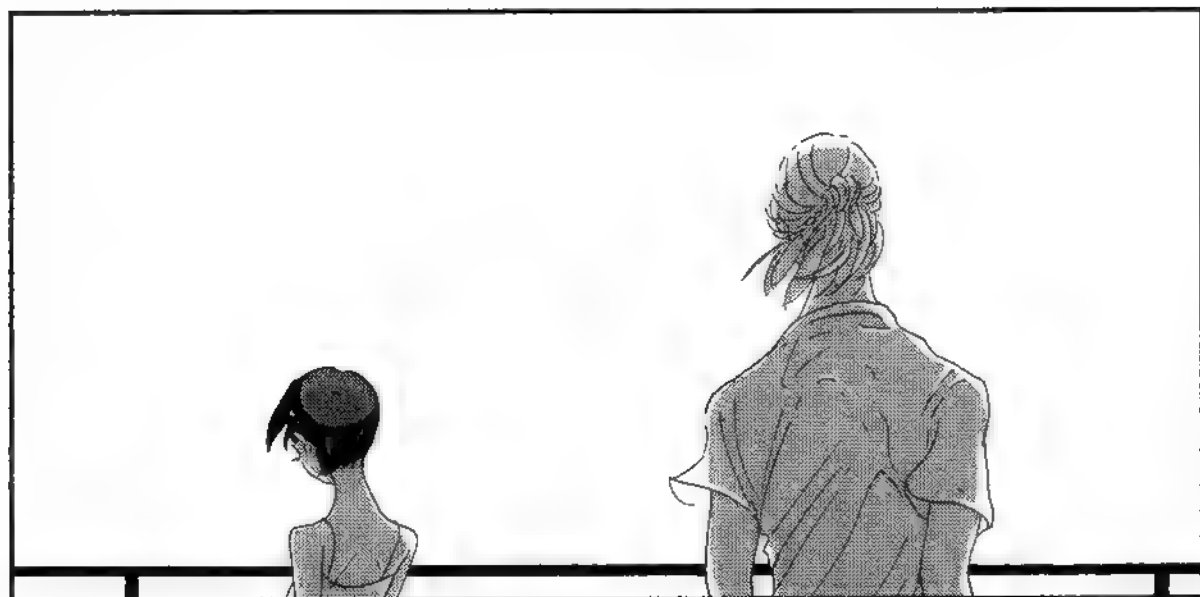


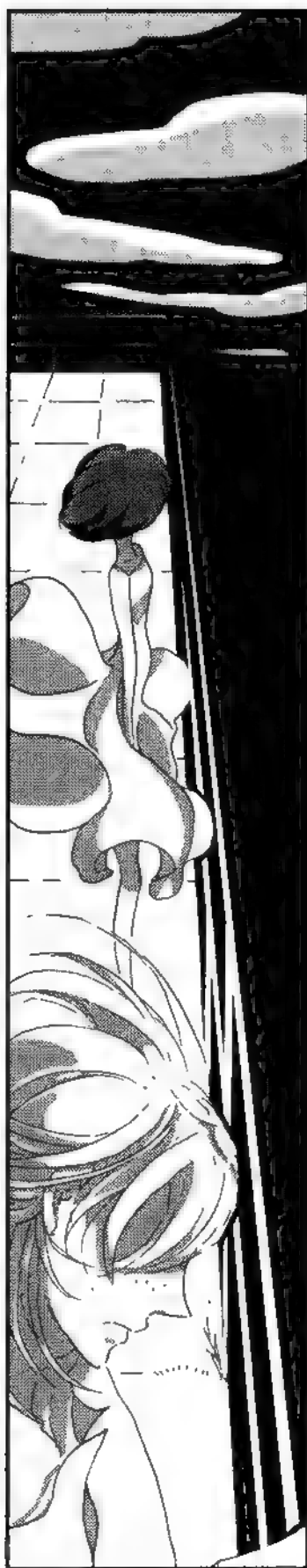


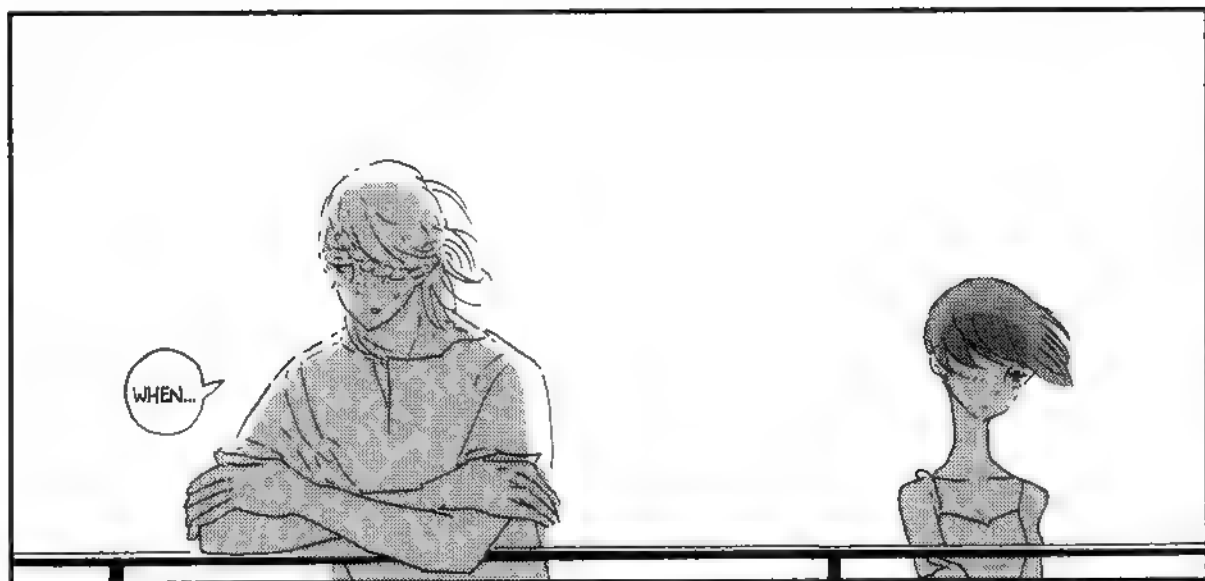








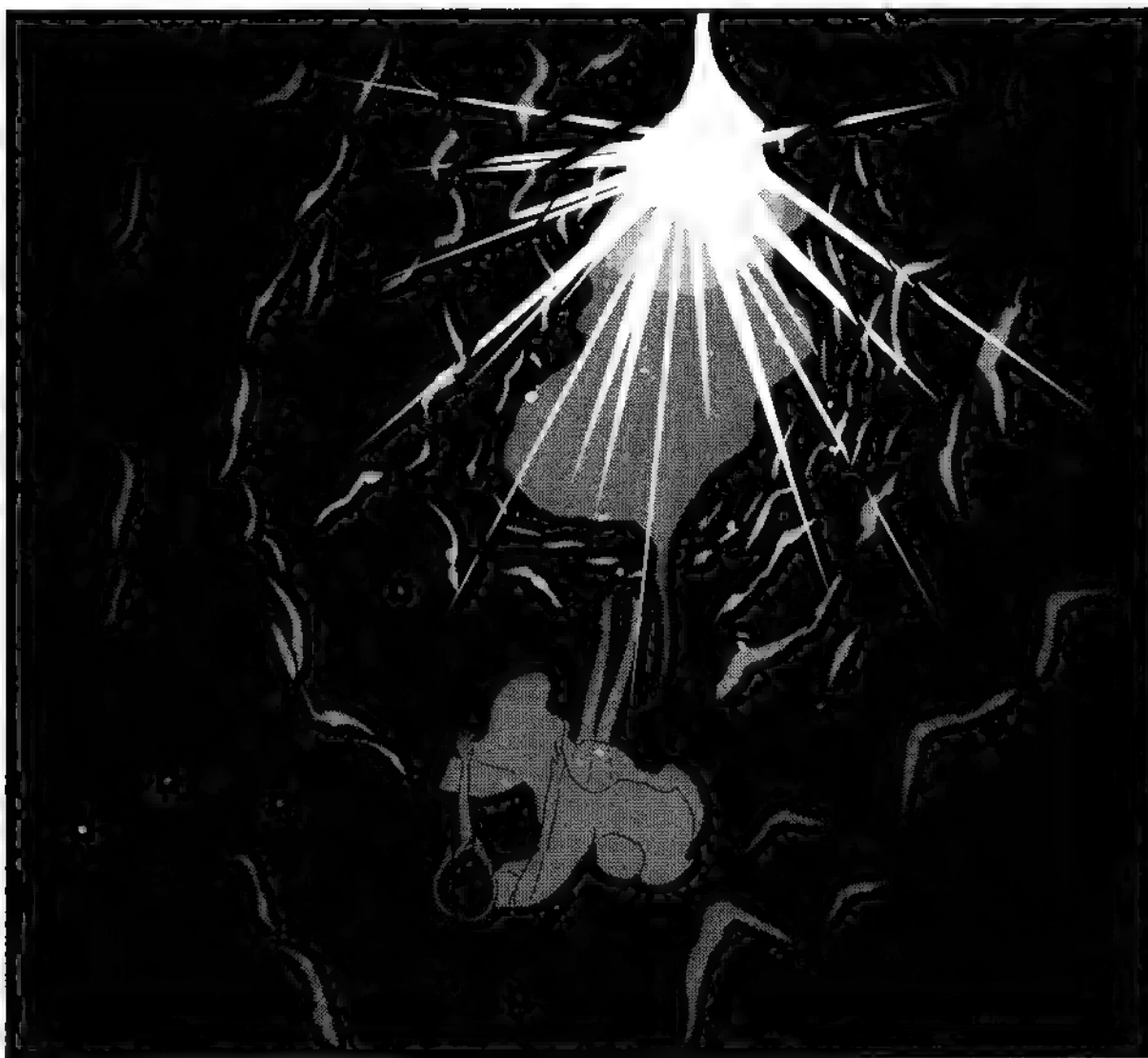
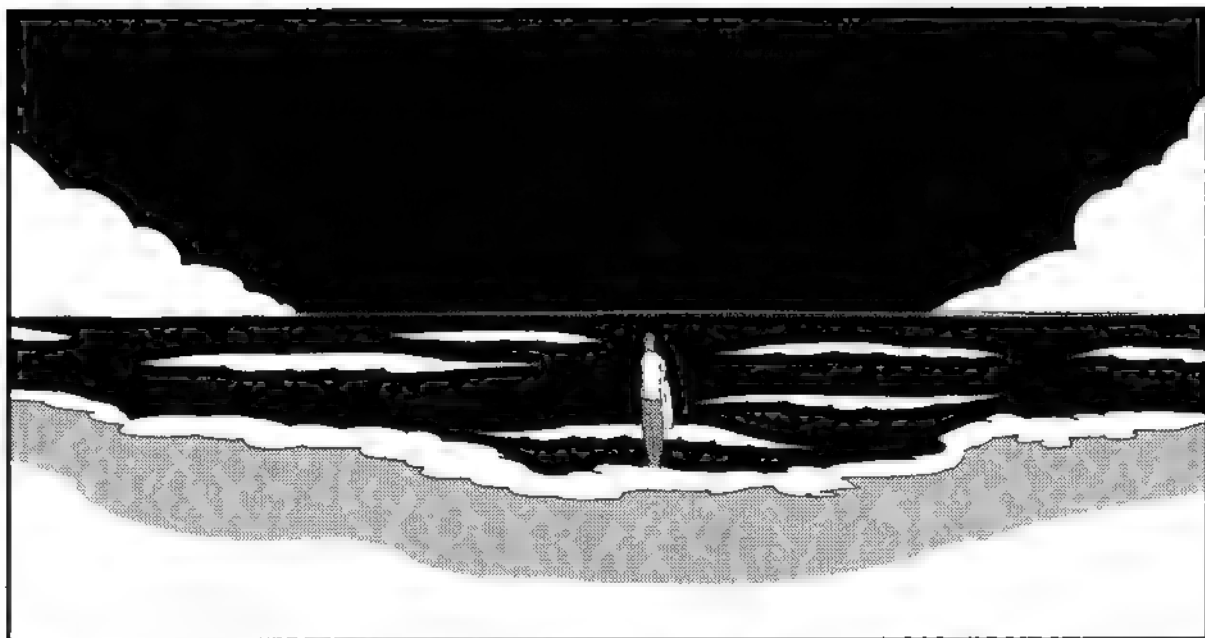








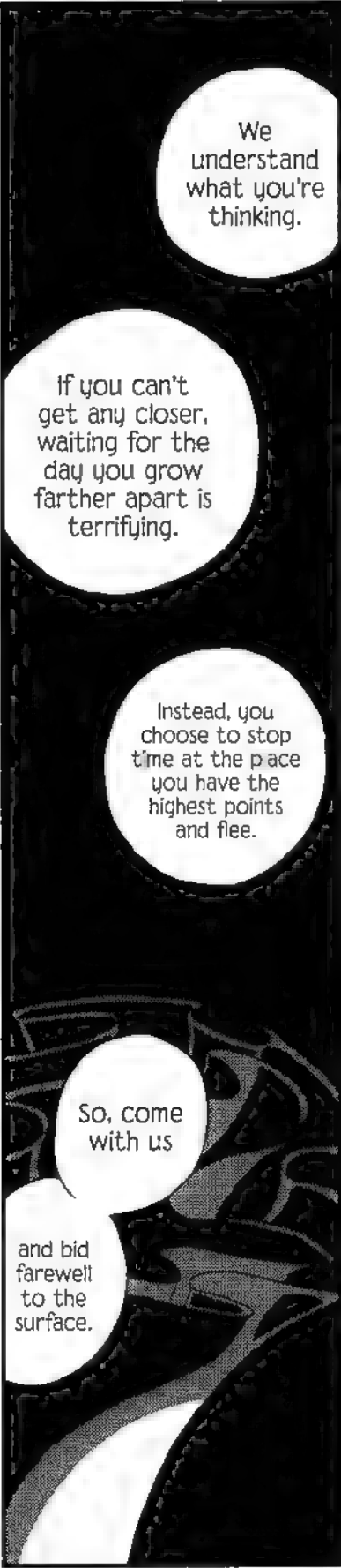












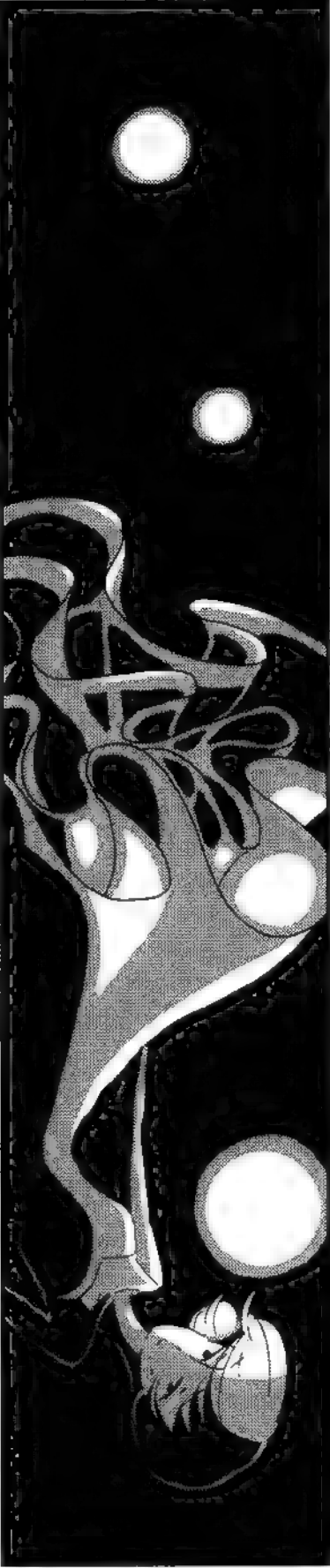
We
understand
what you're
thinking.

If you can't
get any closer,
waiting for the
day you grow
farther apart is
terrifying.

Instead, you
choose to stop
time at the pace
you have the
highest points
and flee.

So, come
with us

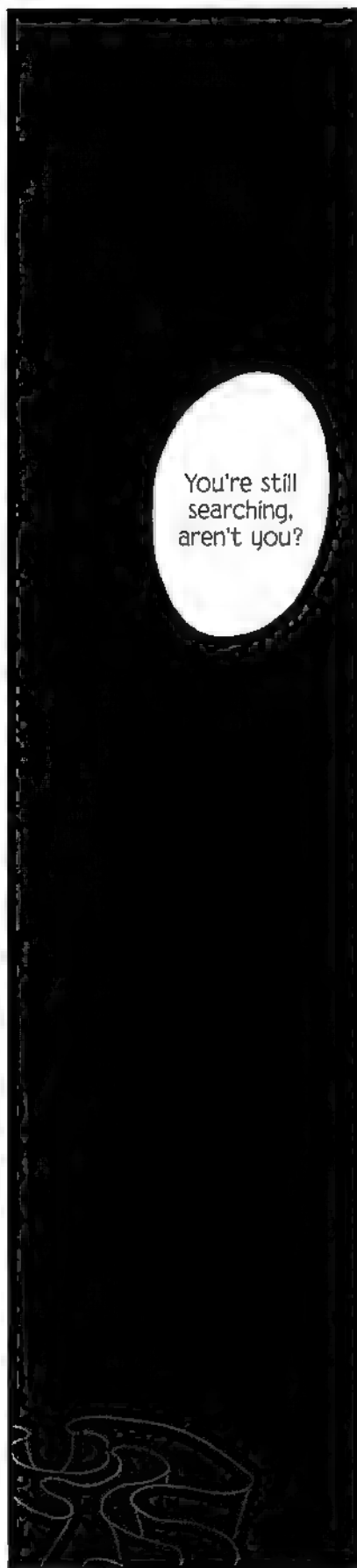
and bid
farewell
to the
surface.



You're still
searching.



Ah,
drowning...



You're still
searching,
aren't you?

